



# Hidden

[action](#)

54 9 7

## Chapter 1 by Jonathan

The fatigue never fazed him. He just kept running through the ally-ways and streets from his pursuers. Never really understanding why they wanted the device back so badly, he never once stopped to catch his breath. Until one of the many bullets being fired at him hit his shoulder, that was when he slowed. But being so close to his escape point, he had to keep going, or he'd never complete his mission.

## Chapter 2 by Jenny Neill



When his pursuer's footsteps grew softer, he almost laughed with joy and relief. He didn't dare look back behind him, so he kept trudging forwards, the wind carrying him more than his legs, out and around through those labyrinthine ally-ways. However, the thought struck him constantly; why did they want this device so bad? His thoughts were interrupted by an ear-splitting bang as a bullet hit him in the same spot as the last, launching the first bullet out and through his bone and skin. He clenched his teeth together, holding back his scream, and ran. That's all he could think about right now. Run. He closed his eyes and barreled through the streets like the bullets he was oh-so-familiar with. Not a thought danced through his throbbing head as he cascaded the streets with a feline grace and an arrow's speed. All he could do was run.

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Chapter 3 by Jenny Neill

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When he arced around the corner, a dumpster awaited him. Perfect. He nose-dived into it without a sound and remained there, still as death itself. Footsteps pounded in the distance, closer, closer...

He held his breath (which he would have done anyway, considering that he was lying face-first in a reeking dumpster) and froze. He froze his thoughts, froze his body, so the only thing moving was his heart, pounding as fast as sound and light. The men ran around the dumpster and off into the distance.

The boy without fatigue laid still for a hundred heartbeats, as he was taught, and when nothing happened he sat up. He brushed off the grime from his clothes; coffee grounds, wrappers, soiled milk. He knew that Aisling would tease him relentlessly when he got back to the Base.

But none of that mattered now. He had the device. His mission was successful.

He smiled to himself as he meandered home.

—

"WHAT is that SMELL?" the girl with the black hair and the grey eyes prodded. She wrinkled her nose and shuffled over to Ryland.

"You're smellier than a whorehouse's outhouse!" She laughed at him. "And what's this? Blood? Brother, they didn't actually hurt you, did they?" She laughed again.

"Funny," he glared at her. Yes, she was more experienced than him, but she didn't have to milk it all the time. "And I'm not your brother, Aisling."

She put a hand over her heart in mock pain. "We all live at the Base, don't we? Hence, we are brethren."

I rolled my eyes at her dramatic nature. "You read too much Shakespeare. Anyways, I completed

the mission. Where's Gamble?"

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'He's in his office. And be careful. Don't get caught.'

Aisling strutted away, her blonde hair swishing behind her. She liked it better when it was  
It was pale blonde, but Gamble, their leader, thought that drew too much attention. So she had

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to choose; brown or black. She also had to choose between super long hair (which can be a weapon) or super short hair (which won't get in the way). Anything in between was a nuisance to the mission.

Ryland ran his hand through his short brown hair before knocking on Gamble's door. The door creaked, shuffling ensued on the other side of the door before a gruff voice said, "Come in."

Ryland opened the door.

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